

# LAS VEGAS GAZETTE.

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## Las Vegas Gazette.

LOUIS HOMMEL,

Editor & Publisher.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

One copy, one year, \$4 00  
One copy, six months, 2 50  
One copy, three months, 1 50

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All communications devoid of interest to the public, or intended to promote private interests, will be charged as advertisements, and payment required in advance. If personal in character, we reserve the right to reject any such article or advertisement.

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## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## Las Vegas Gazette.

—O—

The GAZETTE will henceforth be published every Saturday, at Las Vegas N. M., as a twenty-four column weekly newspaper. It will be

## INDEPENDENT

In Everything, but

Neutral in Nothing.

It will have in view the greater good of the greater number; the progress and best interest of the city of

## LAS VEGAS

and San Miguel County, in particular, and of the Territory of

## NEW MEXICO.

in general. It will sympathize with no party or exponents of parties; but will fearlessly strive to see New Mexico vindicated from foul and unjust slanders and unjust falsification.

The  
Pastoral,  
Agricultural and

## Mineral Resources

OF

## NEW MEXICO

Will always find a steady  
Advocate in the  
GAZETTE.

And communications, in relation to the development of these resources are respectfully solicited.

To enable us to put the GAZETTE on a permanent footing and prosperity as well as to help us to make it one of the, if not THE LEADING JOURNAL of New Mexico, we request our friends, near and afar, to use that slight exertion on their part which will soon give us the largest subscription list in the Territory.

To persons who are willing to send us clubs, or act as our agents in the different towns or counties, in as well as outside of the Territory, we offer the following rates.

#### CLUB RATES.

One Copy, \$4 00  
Five Copies, 18 00  
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LOUIS HOMMEL,

Editor and Publisher,  
Las Vegas, N. M.

### HOW TO RIDE A COLT.

The following story, told by John Smith—we will suppose his name to be Smith—and his son Virgil, is said to be a "true bill." Smith had a very promising young horse, now for the first time in training for the track. The other day Virgil, a bright little chap some ten years of age, was speeding the colt around the track, and was making the run in gallant style, when the colt suddenly shied and threw the boy off. The cause of this was a young porker that had stowed himself in some brush close to the track, a quiet spectator of the colt's performance, until the latter got almost opposite him, when, hog-like, he made a violent rush, with the result mentioned. By the time his anxious father reached the ground the boy was on his feet, unhurt. Said the father:

"Virgil, you don't know how to ride a colt, to let a little pig like that make him throw you off. I don't want the colt spoiled; I want him to go round the track, and I'll show you that a pig can't prevent him."

"I'll bet you," said Virgil, "he'll throw you, too, if a pig makes him jump like he did with me."

"No he won't, Virgil; you can get in the bush there, and when I ride him round you can grunt like a pig. I'll show you how it is done," said the elder Smith.

Accordingly the colt was caught and mounted by Smith, the elder, the boy in the meantime having taken his position in the bush to play the roll of pig, in which he succeeded to perfection, for when the sire, after a rattling run had reached the proper place, he started like a young grizzly, and tearing out of the bush, caused the panic-stricken colt to pitch his rider ingloriously in the dirt. Gathering himself up, he said savagely, "What did you do that for! I told you to grunt like a pig, and not like a blasted old hog."

One of the best jokes of the election campaign came to us the other day from Dundas. An itinerant who is said to know and be known in every household in the united counties, in the course of his peregrinations last month, found that a large number of six dollar bills of Molson's bank were in circulation in Dundas. It was not long before he ferreted out the fact that these bills had been given as bribes to secure votes for one of the candidates to whom he was opposed. With true Hibernian wit—we say nothing about honesty, which as a general thing, is, we fear, a scarce commodity at election times—he set out to work, and persuaded many number of greenhorns that they had been swindled—that no one ever heard of six dollar bills being used by any bank in Canada; that they were bogus bills which had been struck off in Ogdensburg in order to swindle electors out of their votes. In many cases his story was believed, and it is an undoubted fact that several gave up to him their assumed bogus six dollar bills in return for four dollar bills on the banks of Montreal, and in disgust at the trick they believed had been played upon them, took his advice and voted straight for the other candidate. We do not know how much money was made by this transaction, or how much it influenced the result of the contest, but we know there was a good deal of astonishment manifested when some people deemed safe for the candidate recorded their votes for the other, and that a good deal of soreness exists among those who were parties to the original bribe, at having been so outrageously sold.—Ex.

A genuine Yankee, at Lisbon, Connecticut, wanting to put a water-pipe through a drain several feet below the surface without digging up the drain, tied a string to a cat's leg, thrust her into one end of the drain, and giving a terrific "scat," the feline quickly appeared at the other end. The pipe was drawn through the drain by means of the line, and an expense of ten dollars saved by the operation.

### CLIPPINGS.

Long Island has fifty nine trout ponds, and they are worth \$1,000,000.

Let us remember the last words of the dead statesman, Seward: "Love one another."

Lady Franklin writes the London Times, that she is not suffering from want of a competency.

The Boston publisher, Osgood, has captured Tennyson's new idyl. It is entitled "Gareth," and completes the Idyls of King Arthur.

An Iowa patriarch named Vol-lume, aged eighty-two, is happy again because he is a father. The last is a series of thirty small Volumes he has issued at regular intervals.

A telegram from an officer of high standing at Annapolis, says: "The story of the maltreatment and injustice to the colored cadet and midshipman Conyers, is wholly false."

Advices from Paris say that two-thirds of the priests in Paris are ready to follow Hyacinthe's example—as soon as they can find the essential American widows with \$75,000 apiece.

Georgia has a hale and hearty citizen who has been struck by thirty two minie balls, one mortar shell, one shrapnel, one three inch conical, struck by lightning, bitten by a rattlesnake, and chased by a mad dog.

A Kentucky man took a contract 20 years ago to get "his keg full" of whisky or perish in the attempt. In that time he has swallowed seventy-three barrels and some odd quarts of corn juice, and it ain't full yet.

J. A. Hordin, the bloodiest desperado in Texas, has been arrested. He is under twenty-one years old, and has killed twenty-eight men since he was fifteen years of age—four of them in the State of Kansas.

The intelligent (?) jurymen who acquitted Mrs. Fair, had the best of reasons for doing so. They were supplied with three gallons of whisky, and were otherwise well provided for before going out to deliberate upon a verdict. This, with the knowledge that the prisoner had suddenly made a quarter of a million made acquittal easy.

A vast quantity of marsh lands in Wisconsin are to be devoted to the culture of cranberries. A few years since they were utterly worthless, but since the excitement over cranberries commenced they have risen in value to five or six hundred dollars an acre.

An unlucky accident at one of the Berlin reviews, on the occasion of the meeting of the Emperors, came near breaking up the festivities. It so happened that the three Emperors were passing through a narrow road, with high banks on either hand, when the cart of a peasant, the horse attached to which had taken fright, came rushing upon them at a *pas de charge*. The dust was so impermeable, that the sovereigns could not discern the enemy, until he was just upon them. They were barely able to draw aside sufficiently to save themselves; but the horse rushed into the midst of the brilliant staff that followed them, and dispersed them for the time being. The Prince, Frederick Charles, did not escape so well, as he had his leg badly contused by the cart, striking against it, so that he had to dismount and return in a carriage; and he was further disabled from taking part in the rest of the entertainments. Perhaps the Internationalists, if they believed in anything, would see an omen in this collision between three Emperors and a peasant's cart. But then they escaped injury, so that this augury, like the oracles of old, might tell a different story to different people, according to their wishes.

Subscribe for the GAZETTE.

Henry Kingsley's last novel is said to be one of the worst ever published, and utterly devoid of sense, taste or coherence.

A reporter of the Missouri Democrat calls a woman who had buried four husbands a "marital quadrilateral." This is good, but why didn't he say a four-cornered widow, and then everybody would have understood him.

Another criminal's head came off while they were trying to hang him in Kentucky. A similar case, it will be remembered, occurred in Dublin a year or two ago in trying Professor Houghton's plan of a fourteen foot drop.

A Canadian family lately crossed Lake Michigan, bringing with them an ancestor who had lain in Dominion soil for twenty-seven years. A storm arising, the superstitious sailors attributed it all to the presence of the dead body, and promptly pitched the latter overboard, when the tempest lulled.

The text of the judgment which condemned the communist, General Cluseret, to death, has been posted up at the gate of the ministry of war, in Paris, that being his last known residence in France. Cluseret is exhorting around Switzerland and Italy, and contemptuously refuses to go to Paris and join one of Thiers' little shooting parties at Satory.

One man with any trade is worth a thousand without any. A return to the old plan of apprenticing boys to trades is being advocated. The hosts of young men in every city who apply for employment and fail to get it, for the reason that they can not truthfully affirm that they are educated or fitted for any particular business, constitute a potent argument in favor of reform. Under the apprentice system we should have fewer ignorant mechanics and incompetent business men. A trade is half a man's fortune.

### COFFEE.

From the official report of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States, we take an abstract of great interest to Mexico. It is that the importations of coffee into the United States, for the seven months ending January 31, 1872, amounted to 181,917,176 pounds, at the value of \$21,077,232.

There is no great reason why Mexico should not furnish her neighbor with all the coffee there used, and to receive in return the millions of dollars which are yearly sent to the Antilles, Central America and Brazil. All that is necessary is to build railroads to carry the coffee to the United States in seven or eight days by land, and no other nation can compete with Mexico, provided also, she will produce the coffee. There is a greater extent of coffee land and climate in Mexico than elsewhere in the American hemisphere. The superiority of Mexican coffee has been established. It stands equal to the best Java, and only second to Mocha. The Orizaba and Colima articles are greatly sought after by lovers of exquisite coffee. The same quality of grain can be produced in every other section of the coffee land in Mexico.

Taking the seven months average for the whole year, the amount paid for coffee, annually, in the United States is over thirty-six millions of dollars. Imagine this amount added to the wealth of the country, in one product alone.—Two Republics.

### THE NARROW GAUGE.

The Denver Times has lately interviewed Gov. Hunt and gathers from him some interesting facts in regard to the progress of the narrow gauge road. He says that the branch road will be completed to the Canyon City coal banks within fifteen days, at which time the pinks will be producing about two hundred tons per day. The company propose to sell the coal in Denver at the rate of \$9 per ton, believing that though sold fifty per cent higher than the Boulder coal, it will prove enough better to more than pay the difference to the consumer.

Col. Greenwood will proceed to the City of Mexico as soon as the Canyon branch is finished, and at once commence the construction of the road northward from that point—1800 miles from Denver. From 200 to 300 miles will probably be built before another summer. The cars for the Mexico end will be built there, while two locomotives have already been ordered from England. The prospects of the company are excellent, and their enterprise, which at first appeared insignificant, now begins to loom up in magnificent and gigantic proportions. This entire 1800 miles of narrow gauge road will surely be built, with the city of Mexico for its southern terminus, and Denver its northern. Honor and credit rightly belong to the men who have so bravely inaugurated and advanced this great work.—Chief Train.

### BOGGS' GARDENING.

BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

We have recently moved into a house that has a front yard. We have always lived in houses whose front yard was the street. Children will play in the yard whether there is a street running through it or not. After two or three of them had barely escaped being run over by the teams that insisted in running through our front yard, wife said we must rent a house that hadn't any street in it. So we did. But, lord! the children don't make any account of it. They are in the street as much as ever, accumulating their daily supply of narrow escapes.

Wife said the yard looked bare without shrubs, and flowers, and vines. I hinted that a little grass would help it too. She asked me if I knew where I could get some, and I told her I knew a little grass widow on the next street, if she would do. I retreated, followed by the rolling pin.

One morning, as I was going away, wife asked me to bring her a few "annuals" when I came back. I wondered what she wanted of annuals as I rode down town in a street-car but I am accustomed to a blind obedience to her requests, so when I went home at night, I brought her some annuals. There were "Dr. Jaynes' Medical Almanac," I remember, and "The Odd Fellows' Annual Offering," and a "New Year's Address" for 1872, and the "Birth Day Gift," and numerous annual addresses before agricultural associations that had accumulated on my hands.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Boggs (she never swears that way unless under great excitement), "what have you brought me?"

"Annuals, Mrs. Boggs," said I "You said you wanted some annuals, and here they are."

"Then Mrs. Boggs burst out laughing, and said: "Why, you old fool, you!—we have been married twenty years, in Mrs. B. calls me a flower, unless it is a barrel of flour! Wife said I hadn't a bit of taste. She then gave me memoranda of roses she wanted. I was busy all day, but, just as I was taking a car for home, I thought of the roses. I referred to the memoranda, and found the following:—

"Get a few geraniums, fuchsias, heliotrope, roses, Bourbon, running rose, 'Fraisie, Queen,' golden ten-pain, vines, English ivy, 'Wandering Jew,' seeds; etc." I studied it hard, but it was slightly incomprehensible. She had evidently got things mixed up. However, I went to a florist's and told him what I wanted. Said I:—

"Give me a few geraniums and a few fuchsias, and—"

"A few what?" asked the flower-man looking puzzled.

"A few fuchsias," and said I, turning very red, I know, for I couldn't tell for the life of me what my wife wanted of a few fuchsias about the place, as she never could live in the same house with another woman.

As the florist looked more staggered than ever, I handed him the memoranda, when he burst into a long laugh.

"Why, man," he cried, "it's fuchsias she wants!"

"Well, whatever it is, give me a couple of yards of it, anyhow, front and back yard, too."

You see I was mad.

I got the things the memoranda seemed to call for at various places, and went home.

"Here, Mrs. Boggs," said I, testily, "are the things for your front yard."

"Why, what is this?" she cried, as I thrust a two gallon jug upon her, among other things.

"Bourbon, my dear. I found it on the memoranda. Pretty to set out in the front yard, though. How long do you suppose it'll stay there with the neighbors we've got?"

"Boggs, you are an infernal— That memorandum was a 'Bourbon Rose.' But what is this nasty little book?" holding up a dime novel, with a highly-colored titlepage, representing a gorgeous square on a fiery and autumnal Mustang.

"That? Why you ordered it, didn't you?"

That is "Running Rose," or, The Prairie pet names yet—"the annuals I meant are flowers, such as veronica, pansies, daisies, morning glories, nigella, and the like, to set out in our front yard."

Then she took all the annuals I had been at so much pains to collect, and set them out in the back yard, among other rubbish.

The next morn she asked me if I thought I could get her some roses for the front yard. Told her I knew a man who had got a lot of Early Rose potatoes, but it wasn't the right time of year for getting them out. (I have an idea that ground is much better employed in raising a potato than in raising Queen's, one of Beadle's best.)

My wife carried it at arms' length, and threw it into the stove. Then she took the jug of Bourbon, and emptied it into the back garden. While she was gone, I concealed Alexander Dumas' "Wandering Jew," which I also had purchased, for I began to see that I had made a terrible blunder in filling that order. (I have since ascertained that "Wandering Jew" is the name of a vine; but how was I expected to know all about it?)—Wild Oats.

The Laramie Sentinel of Monday had the following: Passengers by stage which arrived in Cheyenne yesterday from Fort Laramie report that the Indians in that locality are firm in their determination not to comply with the treaty which they made at Washington, thereby pledging themselves to remove to the Whistons country. They are committing all sorts of depredations, and they had, up to the leaving of the stage killed three men. Their agent, McDonald, has received their annuities, but under instructions from Washington refuses to issue them. The Indian troubles in that quarter are assuming formidable proportions. Old settlers, and those best acquainted with Indian character, believe that there will be a general uprising among them throughout the country. The Government is preparing to reinforce the troops in that quarter, and an ample force will be sent to quell any outbreak that may take place. Indian affairs are looking rather serious at present.